

Hold On To You

by CrimsonWords

Category: Gotham

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Edward N./The Riddler, Harvey B., J. Gordon

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 10:58:30

Updated: 2016-04-25 23:18:27

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:38:47

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,968

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After Edward being arrested and sent to Arkham. Jim Gordon wants to know what made him this way, and how to fix their broken friendship. Since Edward doesn't believe that they're friends. Jim is determined to prove him wrong, and get back the Edward he once knew. For he will always hold on to the memory when Edward was a good friend.

1. Chapter 1

Hold On To You

(A Gotham Fanfiction)

Chapter 1: I Was Your Friend... Still Am (Gordon's Narrative)

"How did this happen to you?" I said as I walk in the snow trying to get close to Edward Nygma. I've found out that he was the one who framed me, and I lured him out here into the woods so the bodies he disposed of could be found. Edward Nygma... My own friend is pointing a gun at me. I said as I kept my distance from him, "That you become this?"

Edward smiles as he said, "You dummy. This is who I am. I was just finally admitting the truth to myself. Well that and murdering some people"

"I don't believe that."

"You don't believe it why Jim? Cause it will make you incompetent, to know that I was right under your nose the whole time? Or you don't want to admit that there's a monster in all of us because YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT!"

... Ed, please stop. This isn't you talking. I know this isn't who you are.

"Because that's what made it so easy to frame you!" He said as he laughs.

"... I was your friend." I said.

"We're you Jim? We're you my friend? Or did you just pity me? Oh, poor weird little Ed. With his little silly wordplay and his little riddles."

Ed, they were never silly to me! I've never pitied you! This can't be him saying all this! I refuse to believe this is who he is! He's been taunted and bullied too much at the precinct. Something snapped within you, Edward. You need help. "Completely insane," I said.

"Yeah, it's probably easier for you to think that," He said, "How about, one last riddle for old times sake? A nightmare for some, for others a savior I come, my hands cold and bleak, it's the warm hearts they seek."

... Ed, do you want to kill me? I know I wasn't there for you much because of work, but... What happened to our friendship Edward? You gave me a hug when I was forced to step down from my detective rank. You wanted me to stay. I took the time to answer your riddles. I've never made fun of you once. I appreciated your help to every case I worked on. You hide me from the GCPD when I was a wanted man... Now you framed me, separated me from Leslie, and now here you are standing with a gun pointing straight at me... Ready to send me to Death's arms.

I answered him, "Death."

He gave me a thumbs up with a smile as he said, "Right again." He waved his hand at me as he said, "Goodbye, Jim."

"DROP THE GUN!" Shouted Barns, "DROP IT!"

Captain Barns and the other officers showed up. I made sure they came here in time... Even though it broke my heart to do so. "Captain Barns!" said Edward as he began to stammer and panic, "I-I-I was- I'm arresting Jim!"

"Stop it Ed!" shouted Barns, "We heard everything now drop the gun and get on your knees!"

"No this is!... This is- I've- He's-He's!"

"LAST CHANCE!"

Edward glared at me. Ed, please don't make this harder than it already is. Do you really want to kill me that badly?... If so, then I'll won't stop you. I'll stand right here as you take the shot... Well, Ed? What are you waiting for? Go on... Take the shot.

Suddenly the unexpected happen. He drops the gun and began to run while the police chased after him. He didn't get far because he tripped on a log that was covered in snow. The police caught up with him and arrested him on the spot. Harvey walked up to me as he said, "Are you okay, Jim?"

"..." I didn't want it to be him. I didn't want Ed to be like the monsters I've arrested. Why did he have to snap? I thought I-?... No, I wasn't there for him when he needed friends the most to keep him sane. To keep him from becoming this villain. "No, Harvey." I said, "I'm not alright."

...

It was already a week that Edward was sent to Arkham. While he was gone I made sure no one sold his apartment. I took care of his home, made sure everything was in their place, and always kept clean. Harvey would ask me why I'm taking care of Edward's place. I said because I feel like I owe it to Edward to at least show him that he does have a friend.

I want to start being there for him, so that once he does get out of Arkham. He'll still have a home to come back to. I want our friendship back the way it was, but this time, I'll be more present. Edward has been alone for who knows how long. And I've realized that I barely even know who Edward is.

He never talks about himself, he just mostly speaks in riddles. I do remember one time that he said that he loved video games. While taking care of his apartment I've found a huge collection of video games in his closet. He even has the old consoles like the Super Nintendo, Atari, Sega Genesis, Game Cub, Game Boy, and etc. He also does have the newest consoles like XBOX ONE, Playstation 4, and Wii U.

I'm not much of a gamer. I have enough action at work, I don't need to have it home as well. In Edward's apartment, there was a bunch of old antiques. What interested me the most was this old record player. I picked a record to listen to and what it played was Jazz.

That makes sense. Edward does look like the type to be a Jazz man. He plays great on the piano too. I've never learned how to play any instrument. Tried the guitar and just couldn't get into it. All I knew was war.

I took a look at his album book and found a small amount of pictures within the pages. Mostly him at some event or just hanging around at a place. Until I've found a college graduation picture of him. He was alone while holding his college diploma in front of him. The other students, professors, and family are in the background, but I don't see his family with him.

Could it be that Edward was an orphan? I really don't know and that's something that I should know since I still want to be his friend. I wonder who took this picture of him when he was at the graduation ceremony? I eventually found another graduation photo except this time it was during his end of high school. Once again he's alone in this photo.

It crushed my heart to see him alone in all of these photos. Did he never have one friend or family member to stand with him to take these pictures with? Exactly what did he do in his past to not deserve friendship or kindness? I'm going to figure this out, and once I do I will visit him at Arkham. I know with just the right kind of help, he'll be back to the Ed I once knew.

...

"You're going to do what now?!" said Harvey when I told him what I was going to do. I sighed as I said to him again, "I'm going to visit Ed's parents. I want to know him as much as possible, so we can rebuild our friendship."

"Jim, there's nothing left to rebuild. The Ed we knew is long gone. He killed Kristen, Dougherty, some random guy, and Pickney."

"Because we weren't there for him when he needed us most. Harvey, Edward was alone his entire life. I want to know why and how to fix that lonely emptiness he has inside his heart."

"That's what Arkham is for Jim. They fix people's minds so they can come back to society."

"Except what does Edward come back to, Harvey? If Arkham does help him get back to society who's going to welcome him home? I doubt GCPD will ever welcome him back with open arms because he killed one of our own."

"And why should you? The kid ruined your life, Jim. What makes you think he deserves your forgiveness after all the shit he put you through? You were his friend, Jim, but not anymore."

"... I'm still am."

I pick up my coat as I put it on and said, "I'm going find out every little thing about him, Harvey. Like how I should have done in the beginning."

As I left Harvey's apartment I thought about my last conversation with Ed. Till this day, it still hurts like hell.

"... I was your friend."

"We're you Jim? We're you my friend? Or did you just pity me? Oh, poor weird little Ed. With his little silly wordplay and his little riddles."

I've never pitied you, Edward. I've never thought your riddles were silly. I've always answered them as best as I could. I miss when you were here by my side solving cases with me and Harvey. But I can't believe that it's true that you've turned into this monster. That is not who you are and you know it, Edward.

You are a friend that I can't lose and I'll hold on to you. I'm not letting go the days we've shared. No matter what you say I'll bring you back, and we'll be friends again whether you like it or not. I will remember who you use to be because the real you will always be committed to my memories... I remember the day you hugged me to say goodbye.

"Ed?" I said.

"Detective Gordon," said Ed, "I hear you've been thrown out in disgrace is this true?"

"Yeah, it is."

"I'm going to write a letter to the boss."

"You do that," said Harvey.

"Which boss should I write to?" said Ed.

I smiled as I said, "Forget it, Ed. That's the break, huh? You take care."

I held out my hand to him so he could shake it. Once he did though out of nowhere he gave me a quick hug and took off without another word. I was completely caught off guard by his action.

"Maybe you should take him with you," said Harvey.

"You'd miss him if he was gone," I said with a smirk.

"No, I wouldn't." He said even though his smile gave it away that he would.

Suddenly my thoughts were broken when I've felt a hand placed on my shoulder. I turn to see that it was Harvey. He said with a heavy look, "I'm going with you."

"What? Why?" I asked.

"... I want to know what really got under this kid's skin. He's been at GCPD along with me before you came along. Maybe it's also my fault that I should have been there for him when he needed a friend the most."

I couldn't help but smirk as I said, "I told you, you would miss him if he was gone."

"Yeah yeah shut your trap before I change my mind. Now let's go."

See Edward, you do have friends who cared about you. I'll guarantee that once you're released from Arkham. You will never be alone again.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Nygma's Parents

The house of Nygma's Parents was quite average. It's well kept just like the apartment of Ed's. I've noticed though there's nothing eccentric around the house. By that I mean they don't have any item that stands out or is interesting. Back at Ed's apartment, there's this old Zelda game machine that reminds me of Zoltar Speaks from that movie Big with Tom Hanks.

Before we came here when I was looking for Ed's parents. I've noticed that they don't have the same last name. Edward's real last name is Nashton. I wonder why he changed it to Nygma? Well, Harvey and I are going to find out.

Mr. and Mrs. Nashton was sitting on the couch in front of us while Harvey and I are sitting in chairs. Mr. Nashton asked us, "So what is this about, Detectives?"

"We want to know more about your son, Edward Nashton."

"What do you want to know about?"

"What was his childhood like for starters." said Harvey.

"Well, from what I remember he was very hyper. He had a hard time communicating to the other children in a normal manner."

"How come?" I asked.

"He kept on asking everybody riddles. He asked too many questions, and never once got into school activities like sports."

The way how Mr. Nashton said it was like if he was very disappointed in Ed. No not was, more like still disappointed in him.

"When we took him to a doctor one day," said Mr. Nashton, "He diagnosed Edward to have, OCD, NPD, DPD, and ASD."

Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, Narcissistic Personality Disorder, Dependent Personality Disorder, and Autism Spectrum Disorder. It makes sense but damn Ed. I never knew you were troubled that bad.

"We tried our best to cope with his strange behaviors," said Mr. Nashton, "His disorders were so overwhelming it was hard to stay patient with him until after high school."

"What happened after high school?" I asked.

"He ran away. Took off without leaving a note or even a goodbye."

He sure doesn't sound heartbroken. Mrs. Nashton though, on the other hand, has a sad look in her eyes. Why isn't she speaking? "And you two never went to the police to have him found?" asked Harvey.

"There was no need," said Mr. Nashton, "He was already 18 at the time and decided to just leave."

"Do you still have his old room here?" I asked.

"No, we got rid of his stuff long ago, and made it into an office."

Were they even heartbroken at the time he ran away? Or do they just don't care? "Was there any particular reason why he ran away?"

"No, he just took off. Exactly why are you asking all these questions about Ed?" asked Mr. Nashton.

"He's a friend of ours," I said.

Suddenly Mrs. Nashton's eyes lighten up when I said that, and Mr.

Nashton's face just looked like he couldn't believe it. Mr. Nashton said, "You two are his friends?"

"Why are you freaking out about it?" said Harvey.

"Sorry, but Ed never really made friends so much. Except for that kid, oh what was her name?"

"Velika Navras," Finally spoke, Mrs. Nashton, "She became friends with our son at age 13, but she died from a stab wound to the stomach. Since she was a Hemophiliac they couldn't save her in time."

"Why was she stabbed?" I asked.

"She was attacked by another teenager from Edward's school. She died in the woods that's not far from here."

"Who attacked her and why?"

"His name was Brendan Kain. I don't know why he killed her."

"From what we were told," said Mr. Nashton, "Ed saw the whole thing."

The one friend that Edward had in his childhood, and she was snuffed out like that. I'm going to have to visit Velika's parents some other time.

"So how come you couldn't ask these questions to our son?" asked Mr. Nashton.

"It's more complicated than that." said Harvey.

"He doesn't open up," I said.

"I see," said Mr. Nashton, "If you do see him again, tell him I said hi."

Why do I have a feeling that 'hi' isn't a heartfelt welcoming one? "Thank you for your time, Mr. and Mrs. Nashton," I said as Harvey and I stand up to take our leave. Just when we went outside though Mrs. Nashton rushed after us. "Detective Gordon," She said, "If you do see him. Please give him this."

She handed me a dark green book that says Riddles on the front cover. "It was his favorite when he was a kid."

I smiled as I said, "I'll make sure I give it to him."

"Thank you, have a good day detectives."

She went back inside the house and we got into Harvey's car. Before Harvey started the car he said to me, "Is it me or does it seem like the Nashtons don't give a shit about Ed?"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," I said, "The mother seemed to care more than the father. Even though she didn't say much she didn't give us two people to visit."

"Two? We're not just going to visit Velika Navras?"

"We have to see Brendan Kain. I think there's more to this murder of Velika, than just Edward witnessing it."

"Even so, but do you think Nygma's parents are hiding something?"

"You're getting that feeling too?"

"Are you kidding? That feeling has been breathing down my neck that whole time we were talking to them. Especially Nygma's father."

He started up the car as he started driving on the road, "You wanna go check out the Navras family now once we get the address?"

"Not right now. We'll visit them tomorrow."

I look at the book that Mrs. Nashton gave to me. Between the cover and the first page was a note stuck in there. I took it out as I unfold it and read it.

I know I'm the last person you want to hear. But I want to say that I'm sorry. I'm sorry I've never protected you from your father all those years ago. I'm sorry I was never around. If you'll let me, I want to make it up to you. If you wish not to ever see me again, I'll respect your choice.

Your mother, Anastasia

"What's that?" asked Harvey.

"It's an apology letter from Mrs. Nashton." I said, "She wants to see him again. She mentioned about his father. Said that she's sorry she never protected him from his father."

"I knew they were hiding something."

Even though it only gives us a hint what his father did to him. It must be something bad if Mrs. Nashton is apologizing for it. So Ed got a hard time from his family as well. Enough to drive him to run away without saying so much of a goodbye to his parents. He must have really hated them.

Not to mention about Ed's disorders. It's no wonder why people would stay away from him. I believe it's mostly because people don't know how to deal with those disorders when they come across it. They would either get freaked out and overwhelmed when they get a demonstration from those disorders. With me, I've dealt with all kinds of people with different types of disorders.

I sometimes have to be gentle with them but at the same time, I can't. Because people who have a disorder don't really want the special treatment. They want to be treated normally like everyone else. It makes them feel not much out of the ordinary, and that comfort that they can be around people without scaring them off. Ed never got that kind of treatment in his entire life.

I'm just disappointed in myself that it took Ed framing me to realize that he needed help. I only noticed it sooner. None of this

wouldn't even have to happen. I tuck the note back into the book and held in my right hand that's placed over my right leg. I looked out the window watching the buildings passed by while I think how Ed is holding up in Arkham.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Velika Navras

Harvey and I got to visit the Navras family the next day, sitting in the living room with them while having a conversation. The former parents didn't seem to mind us asking them questions. It almost seemed relieving and comforting to them that they are talking about their daughter. When they talked about Nygma though, they spoke very highly of him. Mr. Navras said, "Edward was eccentric, but we understood him."

Well, I can't see why not since they're both psychology doctors. I bet they understand a lot of eccentric people. "Especially our daughter," said Mrs. Navras, "She stood by with him to the very end."

"Why did Brendan kill her?" asked Harvey.

Mr. Navras said, "Actually he tried to kill Edward. He was a bully to him during middle school. One day Edward and Velika went into the woods because that's where they built their secret tree house. They play together every day after school. It's just that one day Brendan followed them and wanted to start a fight with Edward. Velika ended up protecting Edward when Brendan tried to stab him."

"And that's how she died?" I said, "Because she protected Edward?"

"Yes,"

"Do you still keep her room here?" asked Harvey.

"Yes," said Mrs. Navras, "So we can always remember her."

"Mind if we take a look at it?"

"We don't mind, follow us."

We all stand up and Harvey and I followed them to Velika's room. It was very punk-rockish but it was really nice for a 13-year old's room. I looked at the wall the bed was against and saw the many pictures of her and a 13-year-old boy who looked very much like Edward. "So that's what the kid looked like when he was 13," said Harvey. Yeah, he looks so happy in these pictures. Way happier than the ones I've found in his album back at his apartment.

"On the weekends they would have a sleep over here," said Mrs. Navras, "When they study together late at night we didn't mind Edward staying here. To Velika, he was like a brother she never had. To us, he was like a son."

If only his own parents felt the same way. Although I believe there's hope for Mrs. Nashton. "Has Edward mentioned to you or Velika about

his parents?" I asked them.

"No he keeps to himself about that subject." said Mr. Navras, "He's not very open with his personal life, but he liked to talk a lot about riddles."

"Yeah that sounds like Ed." said Harvey.

I look at the one picture of Ed and Velika where they're sitting in their secret tree house. I asked the parents, "Is the tree house still there?"

"Yes," said Mr. Navras, "I make sure to keep up with it."

"Mind if I keep this picture for now?" I pointed at the photo I was looking at.

"Sure go ahead. If you meet Ed you can give it to him if you like."

"Thanks."

I took the picture carefully off the wall and put it inside my coat. When I look more around the room I noticed there was a black bass guitar at the corner of the room. I asked the parents, "She played bass?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Navras, "She was very talented on the bass. If I remember correctly Edward also played the piano. The two of them would play music together sometimes."

So Ed also had a music partner as well. "What did the two had in common?" I asked them.

"They both liked riddles," said Mr. Navras, "They enjoy playing music together but not the same genre all the time. They would play either jazz or rock and roll. They were very crafty in building things too. They were the ones who built the tree house together."

"At first, Edward wasn't skilled in cooking," said Mrs. Navras, "But Velika taught him one day and next thing we knew he was a professional in the culinary arts. They love to cook together."

So many things that Edward and Velika have in common. I can't even think of one thing I might have in common with Edward. I'm not much of a cook, I don't play music, riddles can be fun but I don't obsess over them. Wait a minute, I know how to build things. Especially fixing up houses because I'm pretty handy when something needs to be repaired. I guess that's one thing I have in common but it's a basic thing that every man should know. So nothing really all that interesting.

I wonder if there's anything I can share something in common with Ed? This is something I should think about definitely. That way at least we can have something to talk about.

...

We left the Navras house so Harvey and I can go into the woods to go find the snow covered tree house that was built beside a creek. Mr.

Navras has really kept it up because the wood is still strong. Harvey and I entered the tree house and see that inside was like a little home for the 13-year-olds. There are two beds built inside the walls that are across from other. One glass window on the other wall. shelves built above their bed inside the walls.

The shelves were filled with books and they're mostly fictions of fantasy, mystery, and sci-fi. Most of these books I've haven't even heard before. I think there's only one or two that I have read. "These kids were best friends alright," said Harvey, "There's nothing but geeky and nerdy items in here."

"You're telling me," I said.

On the floor, I've noticed a small hatch compartment built in. I kneeled on the floor so I can open it to see what's inside. What I've found were papers of drawings, pencils, an instant polaroid camera, a small box of pictures, and a diary. I checked out the diary and realized that it was Ed's. Why would he leave such an important diary here?

I pocketed the book and checked out the pictures in the box. There were a bunch of him and Velika. I took it as well and close the hatch compartment. I stand up and said, "I think we're done here."

"What was that book you just pocketed?" asked Harvey.

"Ed's diary. Thought I should take a look at it tonight."

"If you do read it, make sure you don't tell it to Ed when you visit him."

"Right."

"Alright then, let's go."

...

I went to Ed's apartment to read the diary. As I sit down at the table I open it and started to read his life. It talked about their adventures together around the tree house mostly. How they played games pretending that they're in another world. He enjoyed her company, and it seemed like she enjoyed his. It then got to the part when Velika accidentally hurt herself.

The injury was minor since she only accidentally cut her arm by a sharp broken branch, but it was when he found out she was a Hemophiliac. She didn't want him to know because of the fear that's he'll look at her differently. Giving her the special treatment by putting on the kid gloves. Even though he got worried a little but it didn't change anything. They were careful, but they knew when not to pity or get worried over each other.

Velika sounds like the perfect match for him. It makes me wonder what made him attracted to Kristen? I didn't even really knew her all that much. Only that she was the Records Keeper of GCPD, and that's it. Am I so concentrated on my job that much that I don't even know the people who work at the GCPD?

It makes me think how on earth did Leslie ever put up with me? I

close the book and place it on the table as I got up to get Ed's picture album. I brought out the small box of the polaroid pictures from my coat's pocket and started putting them on the album's pages. Now the album is starting to look more cheerful. Having pictures of only yourself makes it really depressing and lonely.

Once it was finished I put the album back in its place and went back home after picking myself something to eat. While at home I started to think, maybe it's time for me to visit him tomorrow?

4. Note

Note:

Chapters are going to be uploaded late because I'm going to be taking a short break. Reasons why is because I need to enroll in college and register for classes. This break won't be long it will probably be a day or 2 before I start posting new chapters again. You can still leave requests or questions and I'll answer back as soon as possible. In the mean time, I apologize for the delay.

- CrimsonWords

End
file.